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My Sacramento

By

Charles Browning

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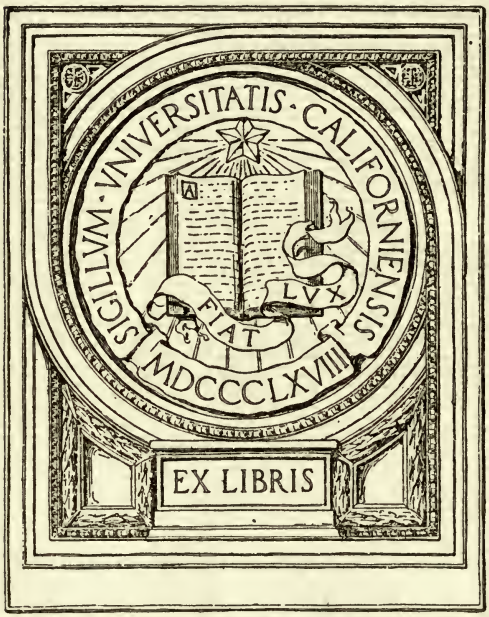
GIFT OF
Hearst Fountain



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My Sacramento

TO ANNIE B. T. BROWNING

DAUGHTER OF A PIONEER

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Charles Browning

Heart Fountain

In guard upon the border
Stand the Palms of Indio

My Sacramento

by

Charles Browning

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Prelude

The roar of shops I leave behind,
The hammer, torch, and wheel,
Where artist hand and artist mind,
Build living forms of steel.

The Capitol from high in air,
Glints back the sunset's gold
And towers above a park as fair
As ever decked the wold.

It holds for some enchanted bowers,
And spreads for all its sheen
Of acres broad of trees and flowers,
And terraced lawns of green.

The War Trees, from the fields of blood,
Stand in their close array,
Live monuments in leaf and bud,
To honor Blue and Gray;

And native trees around the dome
As if to homage pay;
The cypress sing of ocean foam
And spanish Monterey;

And whisper not the branches dumb,
Of the sequoia tree,
Of centuries that go and come,
And of Yosemite?

With plumes like some strange warlike band,
In hollow square enrow,
In guard upon the border stand,
The Palms of Indio.

Yet oft the Shade spreads green its tent
From lands beyond the seas,
From Occident, and Orient,
And the Antipodes,

And dreams through days of other suns
That shine on distant lands,
Of where the sacred Ganges runs,
Of pearl and coral strands,

Of lands where dimly ages fall.
Of dragon queue and joss,
And of that giant barrier wall
That antedates the Cross.

And shades from Europe's blood stained lands
Of other shadows tell,
Of blighted homes, and trembling hands,
Of screaming shot and shell.

Himalayas rear their rugged lines
And Everest's peak I scan,
On Deodars in tented shrines
From swarthy Hindoostan;

And visions of those "Halls of Snow"
Fade into blossoms grand
Of the magnolias in blow
That near these cedars stand.

The incense cedars lift their spires
To Nature's God supreme,
And ever burn their fragrant fires
Within their branches green.

The charm of all the songbirds try
Almost in vain to tell
The glory of the tower and sky
That bindeth as a spell.

The spice of fragrance in the air
From blossomed bush and tree
That seems to float from everywhere
Across the lawns to me;

The Dial, where each sunny hour
The clear cut shadows fall
In legend of that Wonder Power
That ruleth over all.

And walk and lane inviting made
By tents of spreading pine
And slowly dusking sheltered glade
Of blossom, leaf and vine.

The city's hum is softened quite,
Through trees that hide my bower
In deepening shadows from the light
That now shines from the tower;

A drowsy sense of sweet refrain;
An engine's signal call
In whistle chimes from distant train;
I count them—four, in all.

Then unawares my fancy strays
In dreams to years gone by,
And years to come, and dusty ways,
And lanes beyond the sky:

The years seemed old, and then seemed young
And far ahead the line
Of shadow of the stylus swung—
Then back to '49.

Of all the fancies, pale or bright,
Seemed dominant the most,
A dreamland city and a light,
And tread of passing host.

Part I.

In the centre of an Empire,
That with wealth and wonder teems,
Swept by fragrance laden breezes,
Shines the City of my dreams:
Close beside the never failing
Streams of water flowing gold
From Mount Shasta's melting ices
And Sierra's snow-capped fold.

Near where Marshall first discovered
That the shifting river sand
Held the lure that, through all dangers,
Beckons to a golden land;
Lure that breeds dissatisfaction
With the common place of life;
Holds out to the strong a tempting
Cup of sweetness in the strife;

Reckons not of storms or dangers;
Beckons some to wealth and ease,
Some to frozen shores of Donner,
Some to death in stormy seas;
Bids men leave the plow and workshop,
Knowing hardly where they go,
Urged on by the dreams of Fortune
And the cry of WESTWARD! HO!

And men leave the home and comforts,
For the hardships of the plains,
Bravely facing ever westward
With the toiling ox-team trains;
For the lure shines in the distance;
Sacramento's golden grail,
And the golden sunset's harbor
Of the prairie schooner's trail.

The Pacific Railroad's birthplace;
Like a sorcerer of old,
Conquering the dreaded desert
With a magic spike of gold;
Conquering the mountain passes,
With the swiftly rolling wheel;
Building up a western empire
With its netted tracks of steel.

Pioneer transcontinental;
Where its rails first blazed the way,
Now we see the huge Mikado,
And leviathan Mallet,
Toiling on the mountain grades;
On the longer levels trail
The Atlantic and Pacific,
Iron greyhounds of the rail.

From the Heart of California,
From that place beside the stream
Where the spade of earth first shoveled
Seemed the folly of a dream—
Carrying the wealth of commerce
Ever climbing; sweeping past
Gold Run, where hydraulic giants
Tore the gold from hillsides vast;

Pausing at this higher level,
Facing steeper mountains bold
Where the rails crept onward, marking,
Dutch Flats Swindle turned to gold;
Riding on the brink of gorges
Where they cut the mountains through
And the river runs a streamlet
In their depths of hazy blue;

Through the snow sheds burrowing far
Under the Sierra snows;
Looking down on placid Donner
In its mountain glen repose;
Through the Truckee river canyon
Winding as the waters through
Crossing here and there the river
Fed from Tahoe's depths of blue;

Through Nevada's sage brush desert
Where the gray coyotes roam;
On, o'er Salt Lake's briny ocean
With its flecks and streaks of foam,
And its waves that glinting mirrors
Flash and go and never tire,
Under darts of sunlight seeming
Spattered with a rain of fire;

Through the Rocky Mountains climbing
Upward to the Great Divide;
Sweeping down as sweep the waters
Seeking now the other tide,
Never ceasing speed the long trains
Out across the prairie's floor,
Joining the Pacific Empire
With the far Atlantic shore.

Empire rich in trade and commerce,
In the orange laden train,
In the lumber freighted schooner,
And the floating barge of grain;
Blest with homes of health and comfort;
Rich in fruit and flower and clime,
In the mine, and in the oil well,
Almond, olive, tree, and vine;

Gorgeous under bluest heavens,
In its poppy yellowed plains,
Set with emerald of rice fields,
And the shining river lanes;
Checkered with the farm and orchard,
And with gardens manifold,
Orange, lemon, grapefruit blossoms,
Nuclei of spheres of gold.

Yet through all a tinge of wildness;
Overhead the wild geese call;
Teal and Mallard haunt the marshes,
And the tule grasses tall:
Where the wild deer roam the mountains,
And the panther hides his lair,
In the deeper wilds of Nature,
Is the habitude of bear;

Undisputed grizzly monarchs
Of their wilds and forests lone
Towers in strength and love of freedom;
Savage, to protect their own:
Ever as these guard our statesmen,
In the ballot, and debate;
Ever as these guard our warships
Steaming through the Golden Gate;

And our war planes, ever watchful
Eagles of the vaulted blue,
Carry on their wings the Bear Flag,
Charging with the leading few;
Flying in the face of Danger
On the Battle's hottest breath;
Soaring past the bursting Shrapnel's
Grasping, smoke gloved hands of death.

And our armies in the battle,
In that desperate ugly way,
In the trenches, and the open,
Stand as grizzly bear at bay:
In this wild and savage monarch,
Much we find to emulate;
Well selected as an emblem
Of the rugged Golden State;

Typical of all its wildness
As he guards his forest den;
Loved and honored for his courage,
Ever by the hearts of men;
Symbolizing strength and firmness,
Taken from his mountain crag,
In the Seal of State set deeply,
Silhouetted on the Flag.

Honor to the Bear Flag Party!
Sacramento Pioneers!
Flinging to the breeze the Emblem
That grows dearer with the years.
CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC
Lettered on a cotton rag
Lower edged with bar of crimson:
Honor to the men and Flag!

See them bending o'er their rifles,
Staining red the battle star,
Blacking in the savage Grizzly,
Just above the crimson bar.
Honor to each man conspirant
In that blow for freedom dealt,
In those days of spurs and rifle,
Boots, and blouse, and pistol belt.

Crude that flag—yet never artist
Painted with more dash and vim;
Lighting on the lifeless canvas
Subtle fires that never dim;
And that banner floating o'er us
Makes one Party of us all;
On the land of flowers and sunshine
Ever may its shadows fall.

Trenchant with the life and spirit
Of the Pioneers of old;
Banner of the days preceding
The discovery of gold;
CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC
Flying out in sun and dew;
Ever may it drink the freedom
Of the vaunted skies of blue.

Rich and fertile are the valleys
With their cattle, sheep, and swine,
Fields of grain and sugar beets,
Trellised hop, and raisin vine;
Valleys of green fields and pastures,
With their gardens of the rose
And of fragrant orange blossoms
In the place of winter snows.

In their gold and purple raiment,
On the loam and on the sands,
Everywhere the wild flowers blossom;
Even in the winter lands,
Cutting through with burning torches,
Snow Plants flame their blossoms red
On the mountains snows completely
Drifted o'er their forest bed.

Radiant in all their beauty,
Scattered wild the lilies blow;
Gaudy colored Mariposas,
Shastas in their waxen snow,
Satin Bells and spotted Leopards;
Is it strange the Savior sees
"Solomon in all his glory
Not arrayed like one of these?"

In the play of light and shadow
That its sunlit ripples hold,
On the breeze the Bear Flag proudly
Floats out in its graceful fold
Over parks and lawns and gardens
Where camellia bushes blow
Waxen leafed and waxen blossomed,
Blooms of scarlet and of snow:

Red and white the gaudy blossoms
Seem to shine reflected blaze
Where the sun in winter glory
Slants across the flag its rays;
White reflected from the background
Pink and red from star and bar
While the deeper dark red blossoms
In the Grizzly's shadow are.

In the heart of all, the City
Lifts its golden domes and spires
O'er its busy streets and highways
And its pretty parks and squares.
Sacramento! Hail! Eureka!
It is where the sunbeams fall;
It is where a land of promise
Opens wide its gates to all.

In your Bear Flag flung reliance,
Sitting at Sierra's feet,
Compassing the fertile valleys,
Ocean, plain and mountain meet,
Bounded by the world wide famous
Splendors of the Golden Gate,
By Yosemite's wild grandeur
And Mount Lassen's smoking grate,

Ruling o'er a land whose beauties
Seem like dreams of Paradise;
Like a fairyland's wild gardens,
Sunny slopes and azure skies;
O'er an Empire rich in storied
Pioneer and Mission lore,
With its marvelous sequoia,
And its famed Pacific shore.

Sunny slopes, with golden carpets
Where the poppies deck the lea;
Azure skies that change to golden
Where the sun sinks in the sea;
Golden sands and golden grain fields
Where the river waters run;
Bands and bars and clouds of gold dust
Rifted in the setting sun.

Paradise, where songs of thrushes,
Music born in Heaven above,
Mingle with the clear, far distant
Mournful love call of the dove:
Fairyland, where larks sing sweetly
In the fields their matchless lay;
Golden throated as the Mission
Bells of famed San Luis Rey:

Where the water oozel singing
Happiness without alloy,
In the cataract and whirlpool
Strives in vain to drown his joy;
And these paint in song the lily,
And the rose and blush of dawn,
Catch the fragrance of the meadows,
Of the woodland and the lawn.

In the background the Sierras
Sloping upward from the plain,
With their thousand hills of orchard
And their higher rock bound chain.
With their crystal lakes and snow peaks
Lifted close against the sky
In their white capped distant beauty
Rise to bar the clouds that fly.

At your gates the Sacramento
Sweeps its floods majestically,
Through a netherland of gardens
Winding channels to the sea,
As it floats past town and city
Ships and barges low with freight,
In the busy world of commerce
To and from the Golden Gate;

Rising in the pine clad mountains;
In their hillsides dripping moss;
In the winding rills half hidden
That the fern tips kiss across;
Where the trout hide under shady
Overhanging banks of grass,
And the deer, from hazel covers,
Make the pools their looking glass;

Through long lanes of rock cut channel,
Here and there with banks less sheer
Bordered wide with flood washed cobble
Wind its living waters clear;
Clean it washes gravel stretches
And where thick the boulders are
In swift channels crowds between them
Ripples past the sandy bar.

As it flows out on the valley
All its nervous haste is stemmed
In the deep smooth curve and tangent
Willow, oak, and poppy rimmed;
On it flows past ranch and garden
Trenching out to left and right,
Making rice and orange blossoms
From the mountain's drifted white.

Tributaries dash their waters
On the turbines whirling fast,
Waters from the storms of cloudland
Holding lightnings in their grasp,
Limpid, swirling, sparkling beauty
Sweeping from the snow fields vast
Down through canyons, forks and gorges,
In wild beauty unsurpassed.

River of the Bear Flag Empire!
Flooding into rainless June
For the fruits that ripen under
Cloudless skies of summer noon:
Drifts of leaves and wild wood blossoms
Sweep along upon the tide,
With the sands Hydraulic Giants
Tore out from the mountain's side.

More and more for it the valleys
With the Horn of Plenty fill;
Ever more and more its harness
Rings with clang of shop and mill;
And its jeweled blanket wider
Spreads out with the robes of night,
Like the constellations shining
With its diadems of light.

All its floods by mill and valley
In control will soon be led,
That now brimming bank and levee
Over ranch and tule spread,
And the Sacramento ever
Flow on in its priceless worth,
One of Archimedes' levers
Helping to uplift the earth.

In the North majestic Shasta
Proudly wears its crown of white;
On its crest the morn shines early;
Tardy glows the sunset's light;
Turbaned oft with clouds of Heaven,
White, impassive, stately, grand,
Sphinxlike sentinel of ages,
At the gates of Wonderland.

Speaks it not to all a challenge
Come you friend? Or come you foe?
Passing in or through my country
What say you if friend you go?
And we read the answer clearly
And to Shasta drain the cup,
It is stamped upon our Empire
Reading—Look not down, but up!

Near at hand are Modoc's forests,
Where the wilderness outspreads,
Cratered, caved, and labyrinthic,
Indian marked lava beds;
Fields of lava chaos rifted,
Slabs and boulders piled and thrown,
Trenches deep, and caves fantastic,
Chimneys, venting depths unknown.

In the South Artesian waters,
Alchemists of sage brush wold,
Change the sands of burning deserts
Surely into grains of gold;
And the date palms of the Tropics
Grow in fields once soldier set
Thickly with the warlike cactus
And the spanish bayonet.

From the clouds Mt. Whitney's snow peaks
Looks down where Death Valley's land,
Sunk below the ocean's level,
Drifts its fogs of burning sand
Far below the glistening armor
Of those peaks that rake the blue,
Far below the purpled grandeur
Of Sierra's crested view.

Pasadena boasts the blossoms
That December steals from May
In its Carnival of Roses
On each New Year's holiday.
All along the coast, far inland,
Cool the summer breezes blow
From the thousand miles of ocean,
From the wind blown caps of snow.

Far the call of the Pacific
And the coast its waters lave
Where the sun and moon ere setting
Light a pathway on the wave;
Paved with light it seems to beckon,
Stirring something in the blood,
Leading ever on unbroken
To the lands beyond the flood.

Often are the days of winter
Faultless as of fairest spring,
Often blared the Centuries trumpets
To the great Sequoia king;
Often as if touched by Midas
Mines are rich with wealth untold,
And the hillsides rich with poppy
And with citrus fruited gold.

From Lake Tahoe's crystal waters
To the ocean bordered land,
From the lava beds of Modoc
To gay Coronado's strand
From the Northland to the Southland,
The Sierras to the sea,
Never was there Empire fairer
Wheresoever the land may be.

Hail to Thee! My Sacramento
City of the Golden State!
Hail to Thee! Camellia City,
At the sunshine's western gate!
Birthplace of that famous railway
Christened with a spike of gold!
City of the Bear Flag Empire,
And the Pioneers of old!

Part II.

Upon the pathway of the sun,
That climbs the mountain lands
To where the Humboldt's waters run
And sink into the sands,

The heavy freights roll east and west,
And coaches giant drawn
Roll down from where Sierra's crest
Burns red its fires of dawn,

And high above with Mather's crew
The airships swiftly glide
Above fair Donner's lake of blue
Across the desert wide—

The prairie schooner's ocean gray
Of ox-team tented sail,
The wheel-cut, stage coach, dusty way,
The pony rider's trail—

The barren sea of salty meads
Of sage-brushed hills and plains,
The Ogre that the rails and steeds
Of steel threw into chains.

The golden spike is shadow traced
On every train that goes
Across the desert's sandy waste
And the Sierra snows.

No longer snows of Donner Lake
Have undisputed reign;
In vain the desert blizzards break
Against the rushing train.

Hail! City of the first laid rail
To brave the desert's sand,
And dangers of that famous trail
To El Dorado's Land.

And Sacramento, much you owe
To Judah and the rest:
The silver hammer that you know
Spiked fast the East and West,

The golden spike and laurel tie
From your own land of gold,
And honors that no wealth can buy
Heaped on you many fold.

And when the granite high is reared,
On top may Judah stand,
With arm outpointed, transit veered,
To eastward o'er the land,

And legend say—This bronze we rear
To him who led the way
To join the far Atlantic's pier
With San Francisco Bay.

Hail! City where American
And Sacramento meet
In streams that flow from cloudland's glen
Through mountain gorges deep;

One comes from where the snow-white cap
Of Shasta gleams afar;
The other sweeps through mountain gap
Coloma's golden bar:

They come from woodlands set with ferns,
From dell, and shady run;
And frozen peaks, where feebly burns
The heat torch of the sun;

And on past willows, trailing low,
Each to the city flows,
Twixt banks festooned with mistletoe,
The wild grape and the rose:

They come from where the pine and firs
And manzanita grow;
And tamarack and junipers
That battle with the snow.

American forever flow!
And Sacramento, too!
And past them far the City grow
That crowds between the two.

Fort Sutter's walls and lawns are fair;
And e'er will be, I ween;
And city park, and plaza square,
To Sutter's memory green.

And Marshall! may your fame be known
To lands beyond the blue,
For El Dorado's cornerstone
Was laid by men like you.

The outward dress and garments rough,
They do not hide the man,
And scarcely can we praise enough
The days of pick and pan.

The days when Manley, void of fear,
With Rogers made the trip
To rescue friends and comrades dear
From gaunt Death Valley's grip.

The days when "Gringoes" saw that flame
From smoulder soon would rise,
And quickly swept upon the same
The Bear Flag's swift surprise.

The Vigilantes, iron-gloved,
Who crushed the burning brand
Of crime, and murder, still are loved
In El Dorado's Land.

What matters dearth of critic's praise?
What matters smirch of pen?
I doubt were ever fairer plays,
Or braver, better men.

What matters lack of polished phrase?
We judge not worth by this;
In heritage of early days,
We gain more than we miss.

The days when Donner's fated band,
Starvation drifted in,
In many acts of courage grand
Showed blood that grew not thin.

Brave Stanton, in his second rush
Of rescue through the snow,
Sleeps somewhere in the forests' hush;
The horrors half we know.

We see again the tented train;
The camp of death recall.
As years go by and autumns wane
And snowflakes swirling fall

Upon the shores of Donner Lake
To lodge in pine trees tall
And mantle white its bush and brake
And western granite wall,

We see again the camp, the site,
Again, once more the pall
Of the Sierras' blanket white
Of snow spread over all;

While underneath are those who sleep,
Of Donner's fated band,
Unmindful of the snowdrifts deep
And of the summers bland;

Unmindful of the palaced trains
That now go roaring by,
And deaf to droning of the planes
That look down from on high;

They dream no more of banquets sweet
From harvests' richest store,
Awaken not, again to meet
The gaunt wolf at the door.

Where snows fall deep, where mountains rais.
The massive granite high,
Along that trail of early days
They by the wayside lie:

Their beds forever there they make
Beneath the pine leaves brown
And where the yellowed aspen shake
Their gold of autumn down.

To all the world ring loud the praise
Their monument acclaims
To Pioneers of early days,
To those who crossed the plains.

Their type the Great West's call brought forth
On stormy seas ensail,
From East and West and South and North
And on the desert's trail.

The call of unknown hills and plains,
When Death rode side by side
With Courage, Hope and ox-team trains
Across the Great Divide.

When men come sailing from afar,
From every seaport town,
In every hulk that hemp and tar
Might keep from going down.

When many ships won Golden Gate
And anchored ne'er to ride,
And tempt again uncertain Fate
Upon the outer tide.

Yet other boats touched at the slips,
Comparisoned were these,
As graceful, white-winged clipper ships
World famous on the seas.

We see them at their anchor slip,
In graceful, stream-line form,
We see them starting on that trip
Around storm-famed Cape Horn.

The sails are set across the bows
For harbors far away,
The winds lean on them and the prows
Dash high the whitecaps' spray.

Untrammeled now by shore or shoal
They speed with sails unfurled
In that long race to distant goals
Full twice across the world;

With pace unslackened by the shades
Of night, though blackest drawn,
Upon the wings of ocean trades
Sweep onward to the dawn,

And stand away upon the dun
Gray ocean stretching far
Revealed before the rising sun
Beneath the morning star;

Through night and day, through sun and rain,
With sails set slant and high
To grasp the breezes' every gain,
The ocean clippers fly

'Mid ever-changing Neptune's charms
Wher-e'er the pathway runs
Sail through the bursting thunderstorms
Beneath the blazing suns,

And leave behind the Tropic's blaze
And ever-summer sky,
Its balmy nights and scorching days,
And ever southward fly.

Each night new stars shine in the shrouds,
Until in stormy pledge
Float on the night Magellan's Clouds
Above the ocean's edge.

The North Star landmark of the sky
Is long since lost to sight,
In place the Southern Cross stands high
In watch throughout the night.

With roll that startles even yon
Brave Captain, sailor born,
The clipper sets her forefoot on
The storm waves of Cape Horn.

Around Cape Horn the billows rave,
An angry wind-swept sea,
Wide strewn with shipwrecks of the wave
In tale and history.

Upon this gauntlet of the tide,
That stormed in Crusoe's day,
The clippers of the ocean ride
And tack and breast their way,

With decks aslant in hollows deep
Of waves that tower and comb,
White-crested break and lash and leap
And dash in spray and foam,

With proudly lifted bow, and keel
Cut through the breakers' crest,
With leaning masts and sails that feel
The Storm King's wild unrest,

O'er miles of ocean lashed and tossed
By flails of Tempests loud
Their long dark hulls now seen, now lost,
Their sails a flying cloud,

O'er graves of hapless brig and barque,
Neath skies of sullen gray,
Through winter nights of storm and dark
And showers of icy spray,

And turning north, again they track
Across the Tropic's line,
Where northern harbors welcome back,
And northern heavens shine.

Upon this storm-linked ocean way
Another vessel came;
With Argonauts of early day
We glory in her name:

With gold rush passengers elate,
The CALIFORNIA
Came steaming through the Golden Gate
Mid cheers and wild hurrah,

And hats and 'kerchiefs waving wide
From hills along the route,
While warships roared above the tide
Their broadside guns salute.

She came the first by steam propelled
To enter Golden Gate;
The waves that from her paddles swelled
And rolled with pride inate

Are rolled again today the same
On waters of the Bay
Behind that boat that bears her name
On mass of fighting gray.

The California clipper ships
No longer plow the main;
The sails that sped their flying trips
The breezes seek in vain;

From "Flying Cloud" to "Raven" black
They all have ceased to be
And tale and song alone bring back
These racers of the sea.

Through locked and channeled Panama
The ocean freighters go,
And bright on all America
The lights of Progress glow.

The clipper Captains proud and suave
Are dim within the past,
And steam will go some day as have
The days before the mast.

As have almost from sight and sound
The Red Man, friend and foe,
The dugout and the kitchen mound,
The arrow and the bow.

To this and that the mastery
Of land and air and sea
May come and go, and monarchy
And kingdoms cease to be,

And Fortune smile her fairest ray,
Or frown on you and me;
Yet ever will we tribute pay
To days of chivalry.

We glimpse again the early days,
The Wild West's vanguard line,
The Bear Flag rising from the haze,
The placer creek and mine,

The rugged life and open air,
The campfire's smoke and grime,
The ruddy health of simple fare,
The tan of sunny clime,

The rougher dress and rougher way,
The boyish, hearty fun,
The sterner quarrels, and the play
Of ever-ready gun,

The City that was Mecca made
And worshipped as the sun
In that wild rush and world crusade
That likens unto none,

The Sacramento of the time,
When law was honor bright,
And Lynch the judge for every crime
That crowded much the right.

When free and easy was the way,
And cups with gold dust brimmed
Were gambled in a single day,
Or scattered to the wind.

Its early days were halcyon,
Our City, yours and mine,
We'll snap not dress suit judgment on
Its days of Forty-nine.

And ever may it halcyon be,
And pessimistic dumb,
And rise above adversity
In all the years to come.

And should misfortune blight or damp
Or flames or floods devast,
Rise aided by Aladdin's lamp,
Unequaled—unsurpassed.

Then here's to El Dorado's ways,
And here's to Sutter's town,
And Pioneers of early days,
Long live they in renown:

We hold their lives, what e'er their lot,
As gold of karat fine,
And in our hearts a tender spot
For days of camp and mine.

Then here's to California,
Its hills of green and brown,
Its sunny climed arcadia
That slopes from snowpeaks down.

And to camellias, red and white,
And to the golden dome,
And to that Light that shineth bright
Wherever we may roam,

That shines down on the park below
On treetop, lawn and lane,
And sends afar its sturdy glow
To street and window pane;

Usurps the sunset's waning rule
Ere dark its shades are drawn
And shines on through the misty cool
Of half-awakened dawn.

And shines out to the ends of earth
On camp and sail its cheer
The light that knows no pale, no dearth,
My Sacramento's dear.

And to that flag the winds unfold
From masts on land or sea,
The Grizzly of the land of gold,
The Monarch of the free.

Then, Sacramento, Health to you!
May fleeting seasons bring
Prosperity and wealth anew
In fairest offering.

And with the crowd, or with the few,
We'll loud your praises sing,
With every son and daughter true,
A western queen and king.

At every chance, in many ways,
We'll speed your glories on,
Until they travel with your praise
As far as trails the dawn.

Around my city in the spring
The fields are green and gold,
And meadow larks and linnets sing
Their love songs sweet and old.

On summer lowlands breezes blow
In waves the tule reed,
On higher lands the tar weeds glow
With gold that knows not greed.

And winter mountains drifted deep
Bring back to vision's line
The struggles on the rocky steep
And days of Forty-nine.

On autumn hills of red Toyon
The Christmas berries grow;
And golden sunsets shine upon
My land of bloom and snow.

On Sacramento may the glow
Of golden sunsets be,
As long as snow-capped mountains flow
Their waters to the sea.

And may my City grow by strides
As long as poppies blow,
As long as winds and ocean tides
Move restless to and fro.

And when have passed the days so fleet,
And years have trooped along,
Beyond the Great Divide we'll meet
Again in happy throng.

And where our spirits haunt the bowers
To rest where e'er they will,
We'll greet you from the poppy flowers
That golden vale and hill.

From sunny slopes with sunny smiles,
From fields wet with the dew,
And sing your praise the millioned miles
Beyond the vaulted blue.

From golden sunsets may we scan
Your course the years along,
And blessings make, if blessings can,
A city great and strong.

And ever glitter far and near
The jewels of your crown,
Loved city of the Pioneer,
My Sacramento Town.

Part III.

Up and down the great Pacific
Stretches out Balboa's shore,
With its rock and sand-rimmed beaches
And its missioned hills of yore.
Through its Golden Gate of commerce
Ships from Arctic's ice and snow
And the Torrid Zone's rich tropics
Treasure laden come and go.

Scraggly cypress on the headlands,
Bent beneath the trade winds load,
Seem fantastic witch and goblin
Stern and bleak as their abode.
On the rocky shores the billows
Foam in with their dash and roar,
Urchins of the sea beneath them
Cling fast to the ocean's floor.

Here the crab, in rocky crevice,
In his home Gibraltar finds;
Here we find the abalone
And sea life of many kinds,
That abounds along the wave-worn
Ragged edges of the sea
With their rock set, tide wet gardens
Of the sea anemone.

Stretches of long sandy beaches
And of sand hills drifted high,
Overhead, in trim to buffet
Stormy winds, the seagulls fly;
Sanderlings upon the beaches
Pipe their shrill and plaintive call,
Frailer seeming in the background
Of the curving breaker's wall.

Much has changed since first Balboa
Looked out on the sail-less main,
Saying: "All the shores it washes
I proclaim the lands of Spain."
Up and down the coast go steamers,
Graceful in their rake and trim,
And they come across the ocean
From the lands then claimed by him.

Clearer grow uncertain outlines
As the ships come plowing on;
Outward bound, they reach the curve's crest,
Sink behind it and are gone.
Yet beyond, in waves magnetic,
Clear they sing in wireless codes
Messages to lands and steamers
Far across their dustless roads.

In Balboa's day a wireless
Message from beyond the wave
Would have seemed scarce less uncanny
Than one from beyond the grave,
And more mystic than a dream song,
Coming from the distant spheres
That in science may outstrip us
Counting many thousand years.

And it makes us think that some time
We may, when the heights are won,
Talk with people of the planets
Circling with us round the sun;
And with some yet unfound lever
We may lift the distance haze,
Lighting worlds of greatest wonder
That are now beyond our gaze.

Following the spear and sword flash
Of this errant knight of Spain,
In his galleons Cabrillo
Sought the Anian in vain,
As he crept along the coast line,
Watching smoke clouds drift and float
From the signal fires of wild tribes
Kindled for the white-winged boat.

And these simple tribes of nature
Watched him land upon the shore,
Saw in him the bearded white man
Of their mystic ancient lore,
As he strode the first of white men
In the pale of history
On the land of many wonders:
CALIFORNIA, to be.

Land of gold and land of sunshine!
Many sails went by at sea
Little dreaming El Dorado
Lay so close by in the lee;
Going by upon the ocean,
With their crews of sailors bold,
Far in search of fabled cities,
Cities with their roofs of gold.

Years pass on and Missions rising
Here and there along the coast
Lift Salvation's Cross of Heaven
To the childlike savage host,
Teaching them the broader Scripture
And to seek the better lot;
In the name of Christ the Saviour,
Welcomed; and forbade them not.

Gone, long since, are priest and padre
And the horde of neophytes,
Mirrored in the blue Pacific
Gleam no more the mission lights;
Here and there the bells, still hanging,
Seem to listen for the fall
Of the footsteps that once echoed
Through the cloister and the hall.

Missions built of rough adobe,
Gardens rose and lily patched,
Wide eaved roof and companile
Tule weed and willow thatched,
Flourished on the blue Pacific,
And the mustard blossoming,
On the trails that led between them,
Marked "The Highway of the King."

Now that highway is the coast line
Of the steel-laid Sunset Way,
And the old-time Spanish Missions
Are the cities of today.
Massive walled and plain in outline,
Casting sharp each line of shade,
In Decay's slow-burning furnace
We have watched the Missions fade.

Yet there live the fires eternal
In historic crumbling wall,
Smouldering with tales romantic
Of the Missions' rise and fall.
Ruined walls in mellow tinting
Look toward Resurrection's dawn
While still clinging to the twilight
Of a day of glory gone.

Monterey slopes steep its hillsides
Looking out upon the bay;
Junipero Serra's statue
Stands upon the rise, part way;
And it stands there to remind us
Of the gold he found in dross,
And the famous Mission Empire
That he built beneath the Cross.

Missions with their herds and acres,
And their riches, labor won,
With their gates wide open welcome
In their thrift days halcyon,
Though the first of all to show us,
Here the wealth of soil and clime,
Yet scarce dreamed the Empire dawning
In their bells sweet music chime.

And my City, fate allotted
To your place within the sun,
Heart and center of an Empire,
Of a land surpassed by none;
Born amid the Wild West's beauties,
And with Fortune's golden kiss
Burning in your veins and being,
Rising from the wilderness.

Cradled in the lowly cabins
Of the sturdy Pioneer,
Reared amid the rough and stirring
Scenes of days now held so dear,
Honored by a State and Nation,
In the surely dawning light
Of prosperity and greatness
Reign with wisdom, truth and right.

From your Capitol's uplifted
Golden cap and golden ball,
High o'er Sutter's Fort and plazas
Let your light shine out to all:
On the city and the hamlet,
Let it shine o'er field and moor,
And with Justice measured brightness
Shine alike for rich and poor.

Let it shine in rainbow beauty
And with magic searchlight ray,
Finding those elusive groundings
Of the rainbow of the day;
Everywhere, o'er farm and orchard,
Spotting fields where thrives the root,
Pointing out the pots of gold dust
Buried at the rainbow's foot.

Let it shine out to the North Star,
To that pivot of the night,
To the Great Bear of the heavens
Circling in the starry light;
Send to him a Bear Flag message,
In a clearly outlined, bright,
Light emblazoned, light encircled
Image of his prototype.

Let it shine in dazzling splendor,
Lighting memories of old,
Casting over all the glamour
Of that fevered rush for gold.
Let it shine out to Coloma,
On the statue that portrays
Marshall holding out that yellow
Spark that set the world ablaze.

Light that realistic statue
Of the rugged Pioneer
With the lights of old Coloma
When the gold rush days were here,
When its stream was combed for placers,
And its hills dug far and near,
And the murmur of its thousands
Drowned that of the river clear.

Make so real those days of action
That the statue stepping down
Strides again with wonted vigor
Up and down the noisy town,
Joining in the wild excitement
Of the banner days of gold,
When on graveled sandy stretches
Tides of fortune ebbed and flowed.

Light again the camps and cabins
And the road worn stage coach slow
And express of pony riders
Of those days of long ago;
From Missouri's western border
Westward on the danger trail,
From the Heart of California
Eastward flies the pony mail.

Crowd back through the years the border
Where the past and present meet
See again the wiry riders
And the pony steeds so fleet
On that trail of lurking dangers,
Lonely stretches, storms and snow,
With its fords of swollen rivers
And its skulking ambushed foe.

Royal steeds and royal riders
Of the mountains and the plains,
Of the sandy sage brush desert
And the lonely forest lanes;
Royal steeds and royal riders
Faithful to the trust they hold
Matching skill and speed and cunning
With the thugs and red men bold.

Royal steeds and royal riders
Famous of the days of old
Products of the Great West's wildness
And the sunset land of gold:
Changed are now the desert stretches
And the trails through drifted snow,
Past and gone the prairie's wildness
With its herds of buffalo.

Softened by the many summers,
Light Lake Donner's camp of death,
And the trains of tented wagons
Underneath the Desert's breath;
In mirage let rivers beckon
Mocking thirst of man and beast;
Dream again that hunger driving
Men to join the vulture's feast;

Conjure up again the wigwams
Of nomadic warlike bands;
See again the herds of bison
Roaming all the prairie lands;
Resurrect the virgin glories
Of the Wild West's broad expanse
With its Pioneers as famous
As the Knights of spear and lance.

Let it shine out on the future,
Lighting that which is to be,
Through that wall that goes before us,
Through which we so dimly see.
On a city crowding outward,
O'er the river towards the sea,
O'er the river towards the mountains,
Ever far and wide and free.

In the farther shade appearing
Many cornerstones are laid,
Walls of high, imposing buildings,
Steel and stone artistic made.
More or less in all our doings
Build we castles in the air,
Forming on some dream the fiction
Of a super-structure fair:

Rearing up a form to worship,
Though it vanish with the dawn,
Though we chance to play the loser,
When the lottery is drawn.
Yet Truth trails the heels of Fiction,
And the Boots of Fairy Dream,
Seven leagued and never tiring,
Magic draw from gas and steam,

Univ. of California

High o'er Sutter's Fort and plazas
Let your light shine out to all

And from lightnings of the storm cloud,
That in Franklin's bondage run,
And from light waves, spectrum shattered,
Telling of the farther sun.
From the click of Morse's magnets,
And from long waves lightning hurled
In the wireless of Marconi
Wading out across the world.

Pegasus, winged steed of Perseus,
Rising from Medusa's blood
In mythology foreshadowed
Flying planes, o'er field and flood.
Ships that steam the oceans' vastness
Still with Fulton's fires burn,
Submarines that hide beneath it
Harken back to dreams of Verne.

May not dreams be premonitions?
Thunder heads before the storm?
Sometimes faint, uncertain lighting,
Heralding approaching morn?
Embryo and untried fledgelings
Often of some enterprise?
Echoes of our deeds and purpose?
Straws that point the winds that rise?

And our future's dream wake loudly,
With the traffic's rush and roar,
Of the many hundred thousand?
Shine my light on this, and more!
On lawns fair with gay camellias,
Oak trees shady and perfume
Of magnolia and lilac,
Orange and syringa bloom.

On fair driveways far extended,
Summer avenues of shade,
River banked and blossom-bordered,
Winding on through field and glade.
Shine out on the borders creeping
West and south on lowland plain,
Eastward, on the foothilled mountains,
North, to Yuba's fields of grain.

On a greater, grander city,
Than we even dare to dream,
On the ocean steamers plying
To our harbors on the stream,
In Ambitions crowning glories,
Higher soar than Fancy's flight,
Hail! My Sacramento City!
Hail! My Sacramento Light!

Sacred to the Bear Flag Party
And to Mars, the God of War,
To all enemies of Freedom
Let it shine a blood-red Star;
Sacred to the God of Heaven,
In its efforts never cease
To dispel the war cloud's blackness
And enhance the Light of Peace,

Through the years, undimmed, unfailing,
Let it shine wher-e'er men throng,
Shining to all right a welcome,
And defiance to all wrong.
Let it shine from dome and dome cap,
Let it shine out near and far,
Through all night of doubt and darkness,
Gleaming out a guiding star.

Hail to Thee! My Sacramento
Ruler of the Golden State;
Hail to Thee! My Sacred City;
Blest by name and blest by Fate.
Hail to Thee! Camellia City;
Ruler of the Bear Flag State.
Thrive and grow as long as tides flow
In and out the Golden Gate.

THE END

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